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to have noticed the scowls that follow their idle meanderings. There is another noticeable copyist—one with a bunch of red hair around her face, like the halo about a mediæval Madonna. She is generally quarrelling with the guards, or else proclaiming nasally to some one of her travelling countrymen: "You see I've got converted to be a Catholic sence I came to Yoorup, and I'm doing this Magdalen for the Catholic church in our town!" This "Magdalen" is the large, gloomy picture of "Melancholy" that hangs upon the right wall of the long gallery. It is a little curious that this same picture has been copied more than once, twice, or even three times, within the last two years, by Americans who had not the slightest suspicion that the sour-looking woman with the skull was other than the beautiful sinner to whom so much was forgiven.

Some of the other workers, although these latter are oftener to be found downstairs before some famous bit of antique statuary, are learners, who draw so many hours of the day, and whose work is visited and corrected once or twice a week by some of the great French artists, who engage to make a round among their students on certain days. This is a more economical method of study for women than to be enrolled among the students at any of the ateliers where the living model is posed, and for beginners is perhaps not less profitable.

Every facility is given by the French Government to persons who wish to make copies, and in this respect it shows far more consideration to the working-class than do the managers of the South Kensington and National Galleries in London. In these latter artists are allowed to set up their easels only three days of the week, these

notices to that effect are posted all over the building. Whenever a copy is finished, however, it is obligatory upon the copyist to secure the signature or number of some guard upon it before it is allowed to pass the gigantic Swiss who stands guard at the only exit by which canvases are allowed to pass to the outer world,



and whether that number or signature is accompanied with a smile or not depends upon whether a sly "tip" finds an expectant palm. Very many of these copyists never copy an entire picture unless they are happy enough to have an order to do so in advance. Usually they take bits out of large pictures, it being easier to sell small canvases than large ones. One will paint only the Virgin's head out of one of Botticelli's Holy Families, or the Christ-child out of a Leonardo, or Elizabeth's strong-lined face out of some famous Visitation. Another will make a dainty little scene of a stream of white radiance over moonlit water, from one of Verne's canvases, or a mellow golden vista of sea and sky from some of Claude's stately architectural views. Another will paint one figure from Rubens's Medicean panels, a rustic cottage from a woodland view by Hobema, or a sylvan glimpse out of a fête-champêtre by Watteau.

Certain of the pictures of the Louvre have such a wide literary as well as artistic renown, that a wise discretion is called in play to prevent the interest of the general public with regard to them being sacrificed to that of the copyists. Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" is one of these world-famous pictures toward which the cultivated sightseer first makes his way, and before which he longest lingers. Likewise is it one good copies of which bring the largest price, so seldom is it that inferior painters can catch the subtle fascination of that alluring face upon their own canvases. To prevent, therefore, an inconvenient crowd of copyists from thrusting themselves between smiling Mona Lisa and her admirers, the rule is made that but two persons shall



paint from her at the same time. Consequently these places are so much in demand, that they have been known to be engaged two years in advance, although it is not uncommon to see that pale, heavy-browed, sinister, unbeautifully magnetic face with not an easel before it. Once I saw a lady painting there whose dress was

so curious that I will try to sketch it here. The wearer was slight and pale, and about twenty-seven years of age. Her appearance was remarkably elegant, provided one saw her at the distance from which you view one of Turner's later landscapes. Her dress was made in the best mode of a year or two before, and it was evident that she sat down in it tenderly lest her knees should come through the thin front-breadths. In that elegant "tieback" a feminine eye could see countless slits and holes so dexterously "restored" by bits of an adhesive material, that the imposing garment was really scarcely more than a glaze of black silk over a body of black court-plaster. Where the cowardly seams had cried was more than one squeeze of black paint "loaded," after the Munich manner of handling, upon the betraying line. Her necktie was handsome and showy, six paces away seeming heavily embroidered with daisies, but, nearer known, it proved to be a strip of black silk cleverly painted with "blanc d'argent." Collar and cuffs were just the reverse, being white paper prettily embroidered with leaves and sprigs in ivory black.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

## Private Galleries.\*

COLLECTION OF THOMAS G. APPLETON.

OUR country is becoming happily fertile in art-husbandmen—men who, by a constant application of the means by which genius is educated, deserve some of the fame of the genius which is partly their creation. In a government where every man is a sovereign, Duke



Lorenzo the Magnificent is always a possibility. Mr. Appleton, of Boston, has done something toward providing a garden like the Medicean one of old, where the instruction in matters of taste is a free privilege for any willing mind, and in whose sheltered beds and alleys the young art-idea is taught to shoot. The enumeration of his acts of liberality in this kind is restrained on our part by a timely recollection that any notice of them would be supremely distasteful to himself. But it is not improper to mention that his liberality is not confined to the bounds of any one city; that he was behind the scenes in the successful project of securing for the New York Museum the two Belgian collections of old masters which form the nucleus of its gallery. These worthy cabinets of pictures were quite fit for a beginning—it is too early in American acquisition for us to expect to get at a jump the material for a "salon carré," or parure of matchless pearls. The creditable feature in Mr. Appleton's advocacy was that he acted not as a Bostonian, but as an American, and was quite willing to merge the claims of his own city in favor of what he felt to be the broader capabilities, greater publicity, and larger power for good of the metropolitan position. The generous patron's reminiscences are full of odd particulars connected with the acquisition of these treasures, and when he is in a conversational mood he will unfold the strangest tale of the difficulties and adventures through which the pictures were finally secured. Messrs. Tweed and Sweeny, of unsavory fame, were quite willing to whitewash their reputations by a sudden immersion of themselves in the stream of

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days being popularly known as "students' days," to distinguish them from the other three which are called "people's days"—that is, days available only for visitors, not workers. The Louvre is open to workers every day of the week—save Sundays, which is the French fête day, when the galleries are crowded with workmen and their families; and Mondays, when the whole palace is closed for cleaning. It is in consequence of this hebdomadal cleaning that Tuesday is always such an amusing day, full of laughable incidents and contretemps, a scene of skating over the fearfully and wonderfully slippery floors, of wild clutching at each other's raiment of ground and lofty tumbling that needs to be seen to be appreciated.

To copy in the Louvre one needs only to present one's self at the office of the Secretary in the same palace and ask permission, which is readily accorded by means of a printed paper good for all the galleries—the Louvre, Luxembourg, Versailles, and St. Germain—for a year. Easels are provided by the administration and kept in the galleries under charge of the guards, who, when the closing hour comes, either carry them away into adjoining closets, or, if very large, stow them away against the wall-railing till the next day. Each copyist is required to bring a bit of oil-cloth four feet square, with which to protect his or her immediate space of glistening waxed floor from daubs of paint or scatterings of crayon; but even this is not essential, so many copyists leaving their "tapis" when their work is done, that the guards have accumulated a store of them ready to lend to any new-comer who asks for one with a pleasant enough smile, or a nimble enough half-franc. The guards are popularly supposed to receive no "tips," and

art-patronage; they succeeded in connecting their names with the passage of the legislative act establishing the Museum: but the credit of securing the collection was snatched from them with timely precipitancy, and the purchase of the pictures was effected entirely through private contributions. More recently, Mr. Appleton has distinguished himself by the gift of a couple of dozen of valuable Greek statuettes from Tanagra to the Boston Museum. It is a cheering thing to know that when a valuable chance occurs to snatch an art-treasure for America there is a man listening and waiting, with ready ear and appreciative mind, who will understand the significance of the opportunity, and exert himself to make it a fixed fact. The world will yet hear of other like deeds of magnificence from this unpretending Lorenzo; and the educational results from such actions, while they are beyond calculation, are obvious from day to day in the awakening interest in the community for things of art, in the progress and attainment made by youthful practitioners among the good examples provided.

Mr. Appleton is himself an example of the culture conferred by a life passed among fostering influences and educational examples—the magic, unconscious efflorescence of a Medici garden. He is a graphic and brilliant writer at need, or when he has time—the author of several charming books. In travelling it is his custom to secure memoranda of the places he visits, in the form of water-color sketches which are something beyond the style of the mere amateur; and his recital of his journeys, illuminated by an exhaustless diorama of autograph sketches from his portfolios, is an entertainment far above the charm of ordinary travellers' tales.

A conspicuous picture in his painting collection is the portrait of himself. This was executed a short time ago by Frederick P. Vinton, in a style of hard realism, full of emphasis and fact, and courageously divested of the smallest trace of flattery. Mr. Vinton's manner shows the reaction from an early education in Munich to the severer teachings of Paris. Inspired by his last instructor, Bonnat, the young artist has built up his model like an iron framework, with all the facts of human construction well demonstrated and fixed, and nothing wanting but the graces of character, the sunshine of urbanity and culture, the polished ease of a man of the world. What strikes the observer is the supreme, fearless, royal good-nature of the man who will submit to the dissection of a young anatomical student like this; all that we have been accustomed to regard with some contempt as the trick of the portrait-painting art is absent in the analysis.

By Richard Parkes Bonington, that English wonder, the only British painter represented in the Louvre until quite lately, and the only colorist of his nation whom the French are willing to place alongside their own Chardin, and Watteau, and Fragonard, the finest of aquarellists and sole representative of "qualité" in the depressing epoch of Horace Vernet and Ingres, there is an interesting specimen in the Appleton collection. Its size is about six by nine inches. It is a group in a rich and luminous Spanish interior, the subject being taken from Gil Blas. The lambent splendor of treatment in the bed, with its revelation of linen and laces all in white, out of which rises, for the high-light of the composition, the pale figure of a lady also in white, while a blond-haired cavalier, in full accoutrements, kneels before the vision of pureness and déshabille, is a painter's problem of limpid tones most luminously treated, while gorgeous stains of depth and color are provided in the grouping of the accessories. Bonington was born in Arnold, Nottingham, in 1801; studied in France, where his line was original and unspoiled by Academicism, and died 1828. A gem of his like this would set the Hôtel Drouot rabid.

By Decamps, there is the artist's first sketch for the "Suicide," that picture which was his first triumph and established his reputation, and subsequently found its way to America, where it was sold with the Blodgett collection, April 27th, 1876. Mr. Appleton's autograph study for the picture is small, and is in colors. It is a simple theme of a lifeless youth extended on his back upon a bed.

By the late Thomas Couture there is a romantic little picture, slight in finish, but containing, when all is said, the most of what he knew. In the sumptuous costumes of old Venice we see a group of family happiness: a father and mother and infant and nurse, assembled in the garden, are tasting the calm pleasures of the evening. The baby, sitting on a well-curb,

reaches out its little arms for a fruit or toy which the nurse, seen in a back view, holds out to it, while the father and mother look on well pleased, and the trees rustle their balmy Italian shadows overhead. The group is built together with the harmony and connectedness of sculpture, while the added charm of color, rich as any painted window, lends its enhancement to the charm of line and composition.

By Diaz there is a small, rich, brilliant scene of Oriental landscape; a narrow, calm river reflects the white walls of a building, with figures and rich foliage. It is not much to describe, but it is one of those little cages in which Diaz knew how to imprison a flash of living sunshine. By Troyon, there is a sunny stretch of landscape, through which winds a stream, with cattle at pasture. The picture, having evoked the ardent admiration of so capable a landscape judge as George Inness, the painter who has added something: even to Troyon in his own style, is naturally considered by the owner a capital prize.

By Jacque, there is a water-color of moderate dimensions; and by César de Cock, a view of houses by a curving stream, whose narrow, rigid banks suggest a canal. Duprè is represented by a good specimen of his admirable style, embodying the last living traditions of the art of Rousseau, and Diaz, and Millet, and other dead masters.

A lively scene, chromo-like in color and bourgeois in execution, yet containing capital animal-study taken on the fly, is by Palizzi of Naples, representing a number of highly-agitated goats shredding to pieces the succulent treasure of a barrow-load of fresh hay, just cut and hardly withered, with all its Italian flowers slashed down together with the grass, and abjectly nodding in the stable-yard. The eagerness and gormandizing of the goats make a little animal comedy, which the painter presents in a most diverting way.

An Oriental scene of five figures is by Eugene Benson, the artist-littérateur. Another American painter, Alfred B. Copeland, contributes a view of the "Waterhouse at Antwerp." Morland, the glorious animalist whom virtuous England allowed to go to ruin and degradation in his life, to receive an art-apotheosis after death, is shown in a beautiful, rich, graphic representation of a sheepfold. By the elder Isabey, father of the living Eugène Isabey, and the most prominent miniature-painter of the First Empire, there is a group of family miniature portraits, painted about 1835, in the possession of Mr. Appleton.

By one of the Bassanos (presumably Francesco da Ponte, called Bassano from the town of his residence, and fellow-workman with Tintoretto and Veronese in the Ducal Palace, 1550-1592), there is a large, not fatally darkened, picture, with figures about half the size of life. The subject is the "Deposition from the Cross." It is in full Venice splendor of color, contrast, relief, effect—a sumptuous "decoration" at the same time that it is a masterly picture. It might be called a Tintoretto without much danger of contradiction.

Tintoretto himself is represented by his own color-sketch for the "Assumption of the Virgin," a study with arched top, bounded by the dimensions of eighteen by thirty inches. In the Church of the Jesuits at Venice, that "masterpiece of bad taste," as Joanne has the courage to call it, with its profusion of butterfly marbles, and its chefs-d'œuvre by Titian and Tintoretto, the tourist will find the developed subject for which this is the artist's study. The critic Taine, promenading through Italy with the tolerant eyeglass of the dilettante, was greatly struck with the marble ribbons and scaly incrustations of this church, in the midst of which the nobility of Tintoretto's picture gave him a pleased shock of surprise. "All these follies of the decadence disappear" (we translate) "before a couple of pictures of the grand period. The first is an Assumption, by Tintoretto. Around the tomb of the Virgin grand old men are leaning, and expressing astonishment with gestures of tragedy. They have those signorial and positive movements of the head which, for the Venetian painters, harmonize so well with the violent burly crackle of rich draperies and the strong effects of light and shade and color. Higher up, the Virgin goes aloft in a whirl, and the pale, changeable, drowned tints of her violet robe render still more striking her vigorous brown face, with narrow brow and hair growing low, and her virile attitude. A woman of the people, energetic and resplendent as a queen—that is the idea which springs to the eye. No painter has loved better the pomp and sincerity of physical strength. Tintoretto

sees in the street a huckster or a boatman, and bears away with him the complete wild image of the man; he envelopes him with the patrician and Oriental lustre of princely ceremony, then pours all round a deluge of little heads tied up in wings like cravats, throwing some of them right into the body-linen which the apostles are wearing. He does not mind if his shoal of cherubs looks like a dish of heads cut off; at a single cast he throws his apparition of the moment on the canvas, and off he goes: his job is done."

The two old masters just noticed are attributed to Bassano and Tintoretto, in these columns, under all reserves. No examination of them has been had sufficient to hazard an abiding critical opinion. They are fine things, ostensible originals, fit to create the pleasure which uncontested works of Bassano and Tintoretto create; no more is here asserted.

CICERONE.

JOHN S. SARGENT.

THE friendship existing between this young artist and his instructor, M. Carolus Duran, is of somewhat unusual intimacy. M. Duran, in his summer vacations, goes to his birthplace at Lille, where he is received by the citizens with ovations and an indigestible frequency of dinners. On these occasions he loves to have his young American disciple in company, introducing him to his relatives and making him a participant in his honors. When M. Duran painted a ceiling-decoration for the Luxembourg, a couple of years ago, Mr. Sargent introduced the figure of Duran which is seen in one corner of the work, and he likewise sketched in more than one complete personage in the central part of the composition. Mr. Sargent has travelled with his parents since boyhood in various parts of Europe, receiving his education in different capitals of the old world. His family is an old Philadelphia one, of high respectability, an uncle of the artist still occupying a large estate just south-west of the city. The young artist has become, under the circumstances, an educated cosmopolitan: he speaks Spanish, Italian, French, German, and English, reads every thing that appears in modern literature, and practises on more than one instrument of music. His social position is of the best. His portrait of Duran was contributed to the Salon of 1879, where it attracted unusual attention, received an "honorable mention," and was rumored to be the destined recipient of a medal, but was deprived of that high honor by the supposed inequality and slowness of the work on the lower part of the canvas. Mr. Sargent's works thus far seen in America have been "Les Cancalaises" (now at the Metropolitan Museum), the "Capri Girl," the "Neapolitan bathing Children," the "Scene in the Luxembourg Garden," recently sold in the Sherwood collection, and the present fine portrait, contributed, after its success in the Salon, to the late exhibition of the Society of American Artists.

#### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE ART CLUB—MRS. HOLMES'S SILK PICTURES—NOTES.

Boston, April 17, 1880.

THE Art Club's spring exhibition opened last evening. It is larger than usual, but no better. In fact, it does not reach its own standard, and does not show the best that Boston is capable of. The collection, as a representative exhibit, is quite as remarkable for what it lacks as for what it contains. There is nothing here from Foxcroft Cole, either in oil or water-color; nothing from J. Appleton Brown, nothing from Porter, nothing from Vinton, nothing from George Fuller, nothing from Enneking, nothing from Johnstone, nothing from either set of the female foster-children of Hunt in painting. Yet nearly all that is interesting or hopeful in Boston art is covered by these names. There are some new arrivals among us from abroad; some young recruits from the art schools, and the old set of workers grown gray, but hardly venerable in their persistent mediocrity. These three classes are tolerably represented, but without giving character to the exhibition, for they are overborne by the foreign works lent from private galleries and the contributions of New York artists.

The place of honor in such an exhibition is rightfully